

# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE NO. 1067

### VOICE OF PROGRESS.

By Heaven! it is a shameful thing  
That, in this age of deepening might,  
There live so few whose souls dare cling  
Forever to the right!

By Heaven! it is a crying sin  
That, in this hour of ripening thought,  
Where so much greatness lies within,  
So little is wrought.

The world is full of pining fools  
Who prate of love in sickening rhymes,  
Or bring stale tones of rusty rules  
To curb the chafing times;  
But where be they whose prophet-souls,  
Outlooking on life's ocean waves,  
Do warn us of the rocks and shoals  
Which else become our graves?

What care we for our fathers' creed!  
What reck we of the ancient themes?  
Is Truth less true in newer deeds  
Than in decrepit dreams?  
All honor to our brave old sires—  
The unforgotten, worthy dead;  
Yet shall our loftier desires  
Be on their dullness fed!

Give us new Truth altho' it break  
Upon us with the lightning's flash!  
Give us new Truth! The nations quake  
Beneath the shifting crash.  
Give us new Truth! Our souls despise  
This blinding rush of deadly strife.  
Past forms of Truth are present lies  
Which canker all our life.

Therefore, new Truth! And let it burst  
Like red-hot thunderbolts on those  
In whom this fair world stands accurst  
With such a hell of woes!  
New Truth! Which evermore shall right  
Earth's wronged and patient multitude;  
And robe us all in rare delight  
Of deep and earnest good.

—Richard Realf.

### COMSTOCK AND HIS METHODS.

An interesting case was tried in the United States district court in Milwaukee February 1. At the closing of the case, so goes the newspaper report, "C. N. Caspar, a Milwaukee bookseller, had pleaded guilty to sending objectionable literature through the mail and stood ready to receive his sentence. The case against him was worked up by Anthony Comstock, who wrote to Caspar, under an assumed name, from Chimney Point, Vt. The correspondence covered a period of several months.

"Comstock at first requested that some rare old books be sent to him. Caspar filled the order and the correspondence continued, Comstock gradually worming himself into the bookseller's confidence. Finally some highly colored pictures were asked for and received. These were sent by express. This, however, did not suit Comstock, as, of course, the United States laws [at that time] had nothing to do with a transaction of that nature.

"Accordingly he wrote to Caspar for more pictures, and said

that the nearest express office was at Port Henry, N. Y., on the opposite shore of Lake Champlain. It put him to great trouble and expense to obtain packages from there, and he asked Caspar to send the matter by mail. Caspar fell into the trap and Comstock caused his arrest."

During the trial Mr. Comstock's conduct in leading Mr. Caspar into the commission of an illegal act was severely commented on by the attorney for the defense, Mr. E. P. Vilas, a brother of Senator Vilas, and before sentencing Caspar to pay a fine of \$500 Judge Jenkins said:

"There are some offenses worse than the circulation of obscene literature. One of them is the practice of fraud and lying of which Anthony Comstock has apparently been guilty. Mr. Comstock may be able to reconcile his conduct with the laws of God and morality, but this court cannot do so. I cannot approve the conduct of the government officer who has lured the defendant into the commission of a crime. I am aware that such methods are often pursued in dealing with alleged criminals, but I am not willing to lend my assent to such doctrine. If government officers cannot detect criminals and enforce laws without resorting to dishonest practices, they had better resign their positions.

"Mr. Comstock is known as a very zealous agent in preventing the spread of obscene literature; but, in this case, instead of appealing to state law, which is ample for the emergency, he has seen fit to assume the name of another and lure the defendant into crime."

It is unnecessary to add anything to the words of Judge Jenkins, for the utterance of which many persons will feel thankful. At the same time it is well to remember that Anthony Comstock is not to be regarded as if he were alone in this matter. He is merely one of thousands of detectives who employ the same method—that of luring persons into crime for the sake of punishing them; he is merely a representative of a system which has the approval of a majority of the people—the spy system—a system of lying and treachery in the interests of morality. The people approve this system; they believe in it; they believe that society can be purified by the aid of spies and liars. It is a strange belief, but it is popular.

Once a year Mr. Comstock holds a meeting in New York city, which is attended by large numbers of our most respectable citizens, who listen to Mr. Comstock's reports of his work and applaud him to the echo for what he has done during the preceding year. Surely Mr. Comstock cannot be alone judged for doing what so many respectable and influential persons wish him to do and praise him for doing.

He is a meddler with other people's affairs, but he is encouraged in this meddling by probably ninety persons out of every one hundred, who profoundly believe in the wisdom of minding other people's business. He is a regulator of morals; but most persons believe that morals can and should be regulated by laws, detectives and policemen. Mr. Comstock is a creature of public opinion; he could not do what he does if public opinion were not behind him. Throughout the churches he is regarded as a veritable saint, and not many persons will approve of Judge Jenkins' criticism of him. Nor will Judge Jenkins' remarks injure him in the country at large, for he is far more powerful than any judge.

This is a Comstock age, a Comstock civilization. Anthony Comstock is the creation and embodiment of public opinion on the subject of compelling persons other than one's self to be good by law. Each person knows that he cannot be made good by law,

but almost every one believes in trying to make others good by law. It cannot be done, but it will be a long time before people learn that. Meantime spies, detectives, sneaks and liars, providing they do their hateful work in the interests of morality, are praised and petted by the majority.

It is a merry old world, but it does the best it can under the circumstances.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

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The above article, originally printed in the "Twentieth Century," February 11, 1892—fourteen years ago—is republished because it is as true and as timely now as it was then. How prophetic have Mr. Pentecost's opinions of fourteen years ago proved to be concerning the security of Comstock's position as official filth-finder: "Nor will Judge Jenkins' remarks injure him in the country at large. He is far more powerful than any judge."

#### THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT.

Under the above title a very remarkable article by Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, appears in the May "Century." This article should be read studiously by the LUCIFER family. It reaffirms in amplified form the principles announced years ago by Noyes in the founding of the Oneida Community, and sets us to wondering what results Noyes might not have achieved if his aspirations had not been extinguished by the overwhelming clamor of lewd and ignorant prejudice.

Mr. Burbank's successes in plant development have impressed him with the similarity between the organization and development of plant life and the lives of human beings, and he asserts that upon the wisely directed crossing of species by a rigid selection of the best and as rigid exclusion of the poorest rests the hope of all progress in human as well as in plant development, and he goes on to emphasize the chance now presented in the United States for observing and, if we are wise, aiding in what he considers the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration. This noble aspiration is what led to the undoing of Noyes, to the condemnation of Heywood by a lewd judge, and to the present imprisonment of Moses Harman; but let us still hope that Mr. Burbank's work may meet more worthy consideration from a somewhat more enlightened public sentiment.

As the plant breeder finds among descendants a plant likely to be stronger than either ancestor, so may we notice constant changes and breaks and modifications going on about us in this vast combination of races, and so may we hope for a far stronger race if right principles are followed—a magnificent race, superior to any preceding. And Mr. Burbank points to the wealth of material from which combinations looking toward this result may be drawn, but the work of man's head and hands has not yet been summoned to prescribe for a development of the race. So far a preconceived and mapped-out crossing of bloods finds no place in the making of peoples and nations. An unconscious tribute to Moses Harman is in these words:

"It is only when some one breaks absolutely away from all precedent and rule and carves out a new place in the world that any substantial progress is ever made.

"The wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping over this country is chiefly due to a lack of proper training—breeding, if you will—in the formative years of life. Be dishonest with a child, whether your child or some other person's child—dishonest in word or look or deed—and you have started a grafted. . . . Nor can you be dishonest with your child in thought. The child reads your motives as no other human being reads them. The child is the purest, truest thing in the world."

And so on. He treats of the marriage of the physically unfit and denounces the silly notion of predestination, and urges, as Moses Harman has for years urged, the best possible conditions for that mysterious prenatal period in which the work of elevation should begin—"Throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful and ennobling influence, for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be."

Mr. Burbank's article is too long and too prolific of thought to be fully treated within the compass of this brief notice, but I commend the article itself to the readers of LUCIFER as marking a new advance step in our work. Get it and read it at length.

ED W. CHAMBERLAIN.

#### FREE DISCUSSION IN EUROPE AND IN AMERICA.

There seems to be more freedom in the continent of Europe than in the continent of America to discuss the problems of sex. In the best bookseller's shop in Vevey, Switzerland—a shop devoted solely to the sale of high-class literature, not a general store—I noticed prominently displayed the following work, recently issued, "La Question Sexuelle," by Auguste Fovel, professor of psychiatry at the University of Zurich—a book of 612 pages, with engravings. The nineteen chapters deal with all phases of sexual life in a calm, scientific way. This book, by an eminent savant, is sold freely, no one being shocked at the idea that such a question has considerable interest to thoughtful persons. It does not seem to corrupt the Swiss, this freedom to think and speak. I see no signs of degeneration or decadence.

On my way out here I bought at a railway bookstall in France a paper-covered volume, just published, "L'Avarie (literally, the damage), a Study of Social Hygiene," by Dr. H. Mireur, member of the French Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. This book is an outspoken study of and an eloquent plea for social and sexual hygiene in regard to a widespread curse of civilization, a loathsome disease, which I need not further specify—one of those plagues which poisons the fount of life and annually destroys the health and happiness of millions, and which could be extirpated within two or three generations quite easily if the accursed demon of puritanical fear and superstition did not keep us, socially speaking, in the thick darkness of ignorance.

In Germany, Scandinavia, France, Switzerland, Italy, many students and thinkers work on these problems, and they are free to carry on the war against moral and physical disease and death. Why is it that the forces of ignorance and superstition seem to be so much more powerful in the English-speaking countries?

F. W.

#### IMMORALITY IN LITERATURE.

The suppression of Bernard's Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by the police of New York and the discussion of Shaw's dramatics by the critics bring to the front once more the old question of what is moral and immoral in literature. No one will deny that things have been written too disgusting for human beings to read. Books have been written for the sole purpose of appealing to the libidinous. The motive of their writers has been pecuniary gain and nothing more, and the observation of the Apostle Paul that "the love of money lies at the root of all evil," finds a pertinent illustration from these men.

But, on the other hand, books written from an entirely different motive have been classed as immoral, and it would be safe to hazard the assertion that there are few great works of literature that have not been denounced as immoral. The word "moral" comes from the Latin word "mores," a word which means customs. The morals of a community, when we reduce the word to lowest terms, are the customs of the community. Now, when a man attacks the customs of a community he may be called immoral. The book that attacks the customs of a community may be called immoral. But it does not follow that the attack upon these customs is due to any evil intent on the part of the author. On the contrary, his motive may be of the highest, his protest against the customs or morals of the community being based on what appears to him a higher conception of morals than the one that now obtains credence. This is probably the case with Bernard Shaw. We are not saying that he is in the right, but all of his antecedents are testimony that his work is not intended to appeal to the depraved in man, but is intended to start a higher current of feeling than that which prevails today.

The human race must acquire "the philosophic mind" that Wordsworth tells us comes with the years. With a philosophic mind Bernard Shaw and all other writers with new ideas would be quite safe. The great works of literature could then be read with profit and their "immorality" would be the antechamber to a higher morality. As it is, books once pronounced immoral have a striking habit of becoming moral in time, while the sinner of yesterday is the saint of today.—*Denver Republican*.

"Surely the individual who devotes his time to fearless and unrestricted inquiry into the grand questions arising out of our moral nature ought rather to receive the patronage than encounter the vengeance of an enlightened legislation."—Percy B. Shelley.

"He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; he that dares not reason is a slave."—Sir Wm. Drummond.



## THE BUSINESS WOMAN AND HOME LIFE.

The business woman of today stands out in bold relief, and forms a strong contrast to her sisters who have preceded her. She believes in personal freedom and self-support, and refuses to be a mere appendage to some man; and if she marries she marries as an equal, and not as a dependent.

The question of feminine support must be answered in one of two ways. Either the woman must gain her own livelihood or become the beneficiary of man. Father and mother cannot last forever, and eventually support must come outside the ancestral home.

The maiden of past centuries tried to solve the problem by trying deliberately to capture a husband and make him pay the bills. When she succeeded she practically gave up her liberty, and too often she became the slave of man, for money is might. If she failed in her quest, she often felt as if her life was a failure and trembled lest she should be called an "old maid." During the long, dark centuries of the past, woman has, generally speaking, been subservient to man, and her condition has been anything but enjoyable. Man has been the unit and woman the cipher. Behind us is barbarism, where woman has been the drudge of man. Even today in Tunis and Algiers a wife can be bought for the price of a mule, and in India the laws of Menu declare that the wife may be the slave of her husband, and the widow the slave of her eldest son.

Woman has often sighed for freedom, but not until this stage in human evolution has woman been able to secure it. She is not so anxious to marry as she was formerly, and she certainly will not marry unless assured of considerate treatment. She will not "give up an \$800 job for a \$600 man" unless he is kind and she is very much in love. This bachelor maid is proud of her ability to support herself, and refuses to be unequally yoked to any man. Under these circumstances we must expect fewer marriages in proportion to the population.

The industrial woman, leaping into the ranks of open competition, tends to reduce the wages of the men, and so far forth incapacitates them for marriage. This will reduce the number of homes, leaving camps of unmarried men on one side and spinsters on the other. But, although the weddings will be fewer, those couples who do marry will be happier, because they stand on the same footing, and mutual affinity will be the basis of marriage in place of mercenary motive. The business woman will know the value of a dollar and be able to sympathize with her husband in his daily toil. Should her husband attempt to maltreat her she has courage enough to separate from him and return to self-support. Being fearless and decided, she will be respected and well treated. The broader outlook she has acquired in the business world will make her a superior wife and a more capable mother. The era of feminine imbecility and cowardice is fast passing away, and in its place we find the new age of well-rounded, exalted womanhood.—*The Rev. John L. Scudder, First Congregational Church, Jersey City.*

## DIVORCE HER ONLY RELEASE FROM TORTURE.

Preaching at the Normal Park Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, N. Y., the last Sunday in April, on "The Foundation of the Home," with special reference to the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, which, the speaker said, by a majority of one, "illegitimizes thousands of innocent children, and carries grief and consternation into many of the most prominent homes in the land," the Rev. Dr. F. J. Chase said:

"A Christian marriage presupposes a marriage of both soul and body, from which there can be no divorce. But the sad fact remains that a very large percentage of marriages are not Christian in the exalted sense in which Christ spoke. In order to remedy the evils arising from unhappy marriages the church has attacked the symptoms, and resorted to the law, instead of going to the seat of the trouble. It is not better divorce laws, but better marriage laws, that we need most. The church often acts in a very unchristian way in dealing with the divorce problem. To deny the communion to a woman who has made an unfortunate marriage, and secured a divorce; to attempt to deprive her of domestic happiness, and brand her as unclean and curse her in the name of God, is almost unthinkable. It ignores the fact that many marriages God never had anything to do with, nor never will, except to curse if perpetuated.

"When an innocent or foolish woman is swindled into matrimony by an unprincipled man, the quicker the legal tie is sundered the better after she finds it out. It is a crime against nature to make her heartache and heartbreak lifelong. The laws of nature existed before the laws of church or state.

"If every couple loved each other truly there would be no need of divorce laws. Divorce laws are for the adjustment of wrongs and the maintenance of the standard of morality. Were no deceptions practiced, no hasty and ill-advised marriages, no surprising revelations after marriage, no debauchery, no crimes, no unspeakable wrongs done, this were a simple problem.

"The minister and the doctor best of all know of the domestic sadness and marriages that are only in name. I have known scores of young women who, too late, have found themselves tied to vile rascals whom they hate down deep in their hearts with a perfect hatred. The doom to health and happiness is written over the doors of their homes. Every room and piece of furniture, and every picture on the wall cry out against the wrongs of the innocent victim. If in desperation she flees from that hell called a home, the finger of scorn is pointed at her. If she would seek adjustment of her wrongs in court, the law says she must show black and blue spots on her body produced by the man who promised to protect, love or cherish her, and even then the adjustment is only partial. It's worse to pound the soul than the body. If she would have absolute freedom she must have eye-witnesses to facts very common, but almost beyond her ability to prove. The outraged woman has the worst of it all around.

"It is a fact that a majority of the guests at the average wedding regard matrimony as a sort of a joke. The average minister will marry all who comply with the legal conditions, and with few questions. Yet if it proves to be an unhappy marriage he shows little sympathy for their pain, and condemns them as criminal if they try to escape from the limbo into which they have thoughtlessly fallen.

"The very atmosphere around the average wedding is laden with the trivial and insincere. The way our young people as a whole view matrimony beforehand is in striking contrast with facts afterward.

"I am marrying one man, while my heart belongs to another," sobbed a young woman to the maid who dressed her hair for the marriage to a millionaire six months ago, who today is suing for a divorce in a Newark court.

"But it may be said. 'She should have looked out for that.' Yes, indeed! And George Eliot, too, and William Shakespeare, and John Wesley, and Bishop Hurst and thousands of others. There are many things that cannot be foreseen.

"If either one of the parties has been insincere, the ceremony and relation in the sight of God is void. Shall they, then, be kept tied together by law and forced to fight each other to death in the name of God? A woman who has been swindled and had her heart broken by a wretch is to be pitied. The state has no moral right to make her agony lifelong, nor the church to try to make it eternal, if she breaks the unholy bonds and asserts the rights of her nature."

## REAL RACE SUICIDE.

Dr. Harold N. Moyer, of Chicago, speaking at a dinner of the Physicians' Club, had the courage to ease his mind on the subject of race suicide in a manner to win applause from many who have felt themselves unable to cope with our enthusiastic president and his optimistic supporters. "The sociologists who coined the phrase 'race suicide,'" observed Dr. Moyer, "have mistaken a healthful symptom for a social disease. At the beginning of the last century this country had 4,000,000. At the beginning of this century we had 80,000,000. In another hundred years we shall be jammed together, 360,000,000 souls, all struggling for a livelihood."

One of the causes of sorrow in the world is the too rapid increase of the human race. Those white-faced women who reeled to the English government offices, intoxicated with anger, despair, hunger and maternal pity, carried children in their arms, had little ones hanging to their skirts, and left a restless brood at home. They had brought them into the world knowing they could not provide for them, and that the little ones must grow up, as their parents had before them, with want waiting at their doors, with vice for their companions, and with a pauper's grave offering them rest at the end. If they, and their fathers before them, even unto the tenth generation, had shown a more sincere compassion for posterity, there would not be this hungry army of the rejected beating with futile hands upon the doors of destiny.—*Lowry's Claim.*

"Better a thousand fold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race."—Bradlaugh.

# LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

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## LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.*

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Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

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Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

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## BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

To speak of the difficulties under which LUCIFER is issued is not pleasant to me. To do so could so easily be construed by the reader into an attempted apology for deficiencies, or an appeal for sympathy. When it became necessary for me to take up the work of my father, I already had the greater part of my time occupied in caring for home and children, but have been able to carry on the publication of LUCIFER thus far fairly satisfactorily to myself. Now, however, the correspondence has fallen so behind that an explanation seems absolutely necessary. Our children are remarkably strong and healthy, but are now suffering from a "visitation of Providence" in the form of whooping cough. My work on LUCIFER has heretofore been done principally at night, as our baby sleeps from 7 till 6, and this is his first illness in his eight months' experience of life. But now I am able to do little work at night, because of his illness. I hope that I will soon be able to have more help, and in the meantime must ask our friends to have patience. Nearly all of LUCIFER's subscribers are our personal friends, and I am sure they will not condemn me for giving first thought and care where the need is the greatest.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

## ARE MORE LAWS NEEDED?

Belle Goodwin Fitch, describing "Ideal Marriage," in LUCIFER, No. 1064, suggests that more laws are needed to gain the ideal.

"Why not make a law which all can respect? . . . As the majority of men are selfish, we would have to make laws to protect the wife and children at parting of parents."

Marriage has always been more or less an ideal to those directly concerned. If it has dwindled to a low-down, worn-out and disgraceful condition, it is because man, in his ignorance, has made scores of laws to protect it, and this very protection was the poison

that has wrought the dismal results. The low standard of the whole present system of society can to a great extent be traced to the innumerable laws made by innumerable lawmakers, ignorant of natural laws and development. Thus, no idea or ideal can be protected, preserved or elevated by mere laws. What we need are less laws, the less the better, and still better if intelligence will aim at none whatever.

To "make a law which all can respect" is an impossibility, and even if it were possible there would be absolutely no need for it, for a thing we all can respect does not need to be fenced in with a law. If you cannot protect your own ideal, a law will surely never do it. Liberals and radicals, who more than anybody else have to suffer under the laws, ought to stop yelling for more.

CARL NOLD.

## TRUTH NEEDS NOT FALSEHOOD'S SUPPORT.

As human intelligence advances it sees the absurdity of basing ethical belief and rules of conduct on mythical legends of the past. Truth needs not the support of falsehood, and it was somewhat of a shock to me to see in LUCIFER No. 1065 a communication from Elmer Ellsworth Carey, reproducing an alleged "historical document" which went the rounds of the press fifteen or twenty years ago, and after investigation was declared by the "Twentieth Century" and the "Truth Seeker" to be a clumsy forgery.

Mr. Carey found the document reproduced in a magazine, with this introduction: "The following letter was written by Rev. Cotton Mather in 1681. The original is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

Persons who have made inquiry declare no such document is "in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society." It evidently is a deliberate forgery, and as such, whether it represents the known spirit of Cotton Mather or not, is unworthy of citation by any lover of truth.

SIDNEY HOLMES.

## LUCIFER'S SUSTAINING FUND.

Mrs. L. E. Griffin, \$1; Laura H. Earle, \$1; a Peoria friend, \$1; R. N. Douglass, 25 cents; C. P. H., \$1; Amy Odell, 75 cents; David Hoyle, \$1; George Bedborough, \$2.50; M. Cornelia Forward, 25 cents; Susan Reichester, \$1; Economic Educational League, Washington, D. C., \$2; J. G. Hunter, \$5; Ed Secrest, \$1; J. B. Billard, \$10; Mrs. Frankel, 50 cents; H. H. Cady, \$1; Elisha Crawford, \$5; T. B. Chandler, 50 cents; A. Wickmann, \$1; Albina L. Washburn, \$1; Annie B. Fish, 50 cents; Miss Lothringer, \$5; Social Science League, \$5.

## PREJUDICE EXTINGUISHES PSYCHOLOGY.

The aberrations of the sexual instinct are, to a great extent, unknown, even to psychologists, because it is very rarely that an author is found who has the courage to undertake the elucidation of forms of mental disease, the symptomatic details of which are repulsive to the moral sense; and, moreover, the hesitancy of authors to touch the subject is increased by the fact that, in dealing with it, they come to be associated in the public mind with traders in obscenity. . . . From a juridical point of view, an appreciation of this is of great importance, and we may say that at present prejudice usually extinguishes psychology, and the aberrations of sexuality are universally regarded, not as the outcome of mental disease and the object of medical treatment, but as heinous crimes, to be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.—*Medical Press and Circular (London)*, Aug. 17, 1898.

## "HUSH!" DOES NOT END THE MATTER.

From age to age the established guardians of public morals have held that it is not safe to impart knowledge on the subject of generation, about which knowledge is so much needed and desired. When the wondering child comes to father or mother with curious questions he is at once silenced with a commanding "Hush!" and goes away wondering and questioning still more. The child grows to youth, and stealthily obtains some snatches of knowledge which only sharpens its appetite for more. And that appetite leads him to swallow with avidity whatever information he may obtain on this subject, however foul it may be, with merely sensual, profane and degrading associations. If the obscene-book vendor finds here a market for his wares it is because we have unlawfully withheld knowledge which it is the lawful right of every human being to possess.—*Loring Moody, in "Heredity."*

## A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 7 months and 26 days old. He has served 101 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor. His task at present is breaking stone.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

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LUCIFER No 1042, June 22, 1905—a double number—was accepted, weighed and the money for postage received at the Chicago postoffice. The edition was then confiscated and sent to the dead-letter office at Washington, to be destroyed. No notice was given the publisher, and not until he received complaints of non-receipt by subscribers was he aware of the fact that their papers had not been sent to them. On being questioned, the superintendent of second-class mails at Chicago said he had been instructed by his superiors at Washington to read a copy of every issue of LUCIFER and confiscate all which were, in his opinion, unavailable.

LUCIFER Nos. 1043, 1045, 1046 and 1050 were held to be unavailable by Mr. Hull, the aforesaid superintendent, and copies deposited for mailing were destroyed. The higher officials in Washington concurred in the decisions in regard to these numbers.

Nos. 1053 and 1056 were held to be unavailable, but the department at Washington instructed the local officials that hereafter copies

of "unmailable" issues should not be destroyed, but should be returned to the publisher.

No. 1058 was "unmailable" in the estimation of Mr. Hull, but it was a case of "when doctors disagree," for the Washington officials overruled his decision.

It should not be necessary to point out the dangers to the freedom of the press and the liberties of the people which are involved in thus making one man prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, with the power to deny the right of transmission to any publication which in his opinion is of a mistaken tendency.

And what are we going to do about it? Continue the publication of LUCIFER.

And what are YOU going to do about it? Shall we have your assistance?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

\* \* \*

G. B., Chicago.—Your agitation has our full indorsement. Send us all the material you have and can obtain. We will translate it for the "Fackel." Also send a cut of Mr. Harman. It must be of interest to every thinking and feeling human being to see a picture of one who, for love of truth and for his fearless and open expression of his opinions, suffers punishment at the hands of a stupid and prejudiced court.—*Question Box in "Arbiter Zeitung"* (Chicago).

\* \* \*

The infamous prostitution of official power by the postal authorities in aiding Comstock to puritanize America and blot out human liberty is doing more to spread anarchy than all the propaganda by the anarchists themselves.—*S. R. Shepherd.*

## POSTOFFICE PATERNALISM.

The incarceration of Moses Harman in a federal penitentiary, serving a year's sentence for sending objectionable matter through the mails, is one of the obscure martyrdoms which occasionally disgrace our boasted freedom. One of the articles for which he was sentenced was a reprint from the "Woman's Journal," and was an editorial written by Alice Stone Blackwell. This fact alone should show the utterly unwarranted character of the charge. The other article condemned was written by a woman of 70. Both these articles aimed to point out the cruelties and immoralities possible under the supposed license of legal family relations.

It is altogether outrageous that a fine old grandfather should be serving a prison sentence for printing in his paper the words of honorable women which he believes to be needed for the uplifting of human conditions. The general ideas advocated in the paper published by Mr. Harman are not under discussion. It was not for his philosophical or governmental theories he was condemned. No laws prevent a man from airing impracticable and erratic notions. He was condemned for giving publicity to most important educational discussion upon subjects that affect the very foundation of human welfare. To say that such discussion is always, and however expressed, a crime, is an insult to the intelligence of all earnest citizens.

The wrongs committed under the cloak of the postal laws are growing more numerous and glaring. A censorship which makes it a crime to enlighten the people on matters which pure-minded and thoughtful people regard as crucially important is an outrage not to be tolerated under forms of law among a free people.—*Denver Times.*

## SALUTARY KNOWLEDGE IS SUREST RESTRAINT.

There are not a few who are averse to having the subject (of prostitution) so much as mooted among those whose purity and virtue are the objects of their concern. The very title of such a book they would, if it were in their power, keep from meeting the eye of any member of their domestic circle. Such attempts at entire concealment, however, can, in few instances, in a world and a city like ours, prove successful; and in some cases there is reason to fear, where there is most the appearance of success, the failure is really the greatest; the very eagerness to conceal, on the one side, giving rise to the greater secrecy and reserve on the other. I say this for the purpose, not of repressing prudent vigilance, but of modifying overstrained and morbid apprehensiveness, which, instead of accomplishing the desired ignorance, may hinder the restraint of a salutary knowledge.—*Ralph Wardlaw, D. D.*

## PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOSES HARMAN.

The latest photographs of the editor of LUCIFER, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

## THE INSTINCTIVE YEARNING FOR FREEDOM.

Chief among my well beloved is a dainty little maiden three years old. Wishing to give her a present the other day, I said to her:

"Elizabeth, if you could have the thing you most desired in the world, what would you ask for?"

"I would walk around the block by myself, without anybody holding my hand," she instantly replied.

Truly, thought I, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings proceedeth wisdom. Without knowing it the child had solved one of the great problems of her age and sex.

Why do children show so little filial affection? Why are boys and girls so anxious to get away from home?

Why are women, as a sex, so dissatisfied with their lot?

Sages and moralists have philosophized about it in vain, but this little child had divined the truth out of her own unconscious and instinctive yearning for freedom and liberty.

As far as her own personal experience went, she was born with the traditional golden spoon in her mouth. She had the most devoted of parents; the most competent of nurses; every luxury that money and love could procure; but she lacked the one thing in the world that is the ultimate passion of the human heart—*independence, freedom, the sense of standing alone, the right to walk around the block without anybody holding her hand.*

And in voicing this desire she spoke for all children, and all women.

It is one of the idiosyncrasies of love that the more we love, the more tyrannical we are, and the more devoted and conscientious a child's parents are, the more the unfortunate little creature is kept a close prisoner.

Nothing arouses our sympathy so keenly as the sight of the little homeless street Arab, jumping off and on cars, and hawking papers far into the night, but he is really often not to be so much pitied as the petted darling of a fond mother, who never lets him out from under her eyes, and who keeps him under as ceaseless surveillance as if he were a Russian political suspect.

Practically all the conflicts between parents and children arise out of the child's longing for liberty, and the parents' determination not to grant it.

There is not one child in a thousand among well-to-do people, who are able to give what they consider sufficient care to their children, who is ever permitted the slightest independence of action or thought.

This is what makes poverty a blessing to children, and the reason that so many of our most famous men and women, and our most daring and original thinkers, have sprung from the humblest ranks in life.

The parents were so hard worked and so busy that they didn't have time to boss all originality out of their children.

The little ones were allowed to walk around the block without anybody holding their hands; they were allowed to develop their own individuality, and grow up into what God intended them to be, instead of what their mother and father tried to make them.

Of course, it is necessary for a child's immature judgment to be guided in many ways by the older experience of its parents, but when it is not a question of actual principle, it is better to give the girl and boy liberty to do as they prefer.

If they make mistakes they will learn from them.

Any way, it hurts less to fall and bruise yourself when walking alone than it does to fret because somebody is holding your hand, and certainly it puts the parent in a more attractive attitude to be regarded as a counselor and friend, than as the warden of a penitentiary that one has determined to escape from as soon as possible.

If you'll get deep enough into a child's confidence you'll find that its one burning desire—the one dream of what it intends to do when it gets grown—is to get away from mamma and papa, and do some perfectly simple thing that it is not allowed to do at home.

It is merely a break for liberty, and it does look as if parents ought to have enough common sense to make home so free that the girls and boys will want to stay in it.—Dorothy Dix, in *Boston American*.

"All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both."—Max Muller.

"Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth."—Lowell.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

Mrs. H. M. J., Temple, Ind.—I inclose to you a dollar that I regret very much has not been paid sooner, and I would be very glad to multiply it by a thousand. I was so glad to see your picture in "To-Morrow." I shall have it framed. I am not in sympathy with your views on the sex question, but very much in sympathy with the result to which your life work will lead, and I know you as a conscientious and honest man.

Mrs. O. E. L., Park City, Utah.—"Sex Radicalism" is great—the best I have read, as it begins at the root instead of lopping off branches. I would like to get something suitable in teaching children, as I am very poor in expression. Could you suggest anything? We have sent in about twenty-five names on the petition for your dear father's release to the Free Speech League and sincerely hope it will have a good effect.

W. G. MARKLAND, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Herewith I send you a petition for the president's waste-basket; also \$1 for your bread-basket. In your father's case, no one can do it justice. There are infamies that defy expression. I sometimes feel that "the hemlock" would taste best if drank in silence, for silences do break sometimes—I refer to petitions. It's bad enough to ask and be refused. It is a fearful thing to ask and receive with an implied bond attached, yet I may be in error.

W. C. BEHLEN, Cleveland, O.—How a blind world misjudges freedom! Ignorance, cruelty and invasion are always the essence of the state. The state cannot logically do otherwise, for its own preservation depends upon the suppression of the individual. It may imprison Moses Harman's body, but it cannot chain his great mind; it may force him to break stone, but it cannot force him to be false to his convictions. . . . Environment is the mother of heredity. Heredity and environment make us what we are. They are correlative factors in the law of evolution.

Mrs. C. H. S., Utica, N. Y.—While south this winter I saw several copies of your LUCIFER and I am much pleased with them. I did not know there was such a paper printed before. I am highly pleased with it. Will you kindly send me some samples, so I can give same to my friends? And if you have some back numbers and can spare them, I will be grateful to you. I hope shortly to subscribe for the same, and many of your books I must have. Why, I am just starving for such good, sound reading, and wish I had heard of you years ago, but I hope to make up for lost time in the future. May heaven give you all the power possible to continue your good work for many years to come.

J. W. WATKINS, Quenemo, Kan.—It has been a long time since I heard from you. Was sorry to know of your father's trouble again. I do hope he will come out all right and in good health, so he can fight more battles in the cause of human freedom, and especially for the emancipation of women. The cause of human progress in all lines never had a better outlook than at the present moment; the sun of intelligence is rising higher and the clouds of ignorance are melting before its onward march to liberty. Tell your father I have not forgotten him, nor while life lasts will I ever forget the noble fight he has made and is making for all mankind. I am inclosing you \$1 to oil LUCIFER'S machinery and keep it running while the grand old captain is serving an unjust sentence in prison for teaching the truth. I hope you are in good health and that you will so remain to keep the old banner afloat.

J. B. BILLARD, North Topeka, Kan.—Inclosed find a few names on petition for pardon of your father. Have signed it very reluctantly, for I feel it is humiliating to ask for the pardon of a person who has done no wrong. We should ask for justice and not pardon. Am satisfied several thousand names could be obtained in Topeka to the petition if a few good workers would canvass the town and I thought of hiring a man myself for a week to do so, but many feel as I do and do not think the petition would do any good any way, and think the money will be better spent in helping you sustain

the paper. However, I here inclose \$10 for sustaining fund. When you publish the sketch of the prosecution, either in *LUCIFER* or pamphlet, send me about fifty copies and I will distribute them as far as I can. Accept my sincere sympathy for your father and my sincere wish that his physical strength will endure the hardships of his unjust imprisonment.

W. F. JAMIESON, Pentwater, Mich.—Abuses of power by men in office in the postoffice department have steadily, stealthily grown. One year ago this very day I was in court to be tried for "preaching" a printed "sermon." I did not trouble Freethought papers with my incarceration in a lovely jail. I was so good and pure that the sheriff let me out (on \$300 bonds) after three-fourths of a day in his parlor. I was treated like a prince. I had told the justice to his face that I had not one word to take back; that I told the truth in that sermon; that a fine of \$100 and a term in jail had no terrors for me. The jury stood two to one against me, after a two days' trial, but my persecutors gave it up. Why should I be free and Moses Harman in prison? The remembrance of wife's mental torture of five hours' duration, while the jury were "deliberating" on my fate, can never be forgotten by me. "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." So I pass around the petition for Moses Harman's pardon and send it to you.

ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON, Wellesley, Mass.—I must assure you that while I have shared your anxiety, your vexation, your indignation throughout this unjust treatment, I have rejoiced in the even temper your father has maintained, and in the clear conception which had so characterized his discussion of this, one of the fundamental problems of our time, and one which will no doubt vex the race through many generations to come. But, really, is there not a more widespread recognition, in these later years, of the fact that woman must have an opportunity for higher culture and a more noble life than formerly, if the race is to be improved? It seems so to me. Of course I mean not here and there a woman, but woman as distinguished from man. Please give my sympathetic regards to your father and tell him that in my heart I thank him for attempting the great work he has so far succeeded in doing so well. But, Lillian, we cannot have him kept in prison, and no government can afford to keep such a man there. Surely some one must arise who will be able to shock the nation into a sense of its stupid blundering in this case as in so many others.

VIRGINIE D. HYDE-VOGEL, Denver, Colo.—I have just sent off a belated petition, hoping that the main one has been a bit delayed and can catch these last few names. I have worked good and hard for this, partly out of my regard for your father's character as a reformer, partly because my own literary work rests under such disabilities because of the "tone" (as the publishers call it) of it, due to the leaven of new thought. I have distributed the petitions you sent me, and also got a number from New York. I have distributed altogether about a dozen (of course you can't just always tell how those turn out which get out of your hands), and have "personally conducted" three or four. I sent one to Spokane, one to St. Louis I think, two back to New York, had one sent to Boulder and one to Grand Junction. . . . The editorial I enclose was from the "Times" (the afternoon edition of the "News") and was written by Mila Tupper Maynard (probably you know her), a very prominent Socialist, who is also an editor on that paper. She signed one of my petitions and the editorial was the result. I wish you all good fortune in the matter.

F. E. STURGIS, East Pasadena, Cal.—A sample copy of *LUCIFER* containing the petition for the pardon of your father, Moses Harman, has just come to my hand. Please accept my thanks for the paper and my heartiest sympathy for yourself and father. I will secure all the names I can on the petition and forward the same to New York as quick as possible. . . . For nearly a year I have been trying to aid in an effort to get Dr. Sonnanstine, of Colorado Springs, Colo., formerly editor of "The Pink Iconoclast," out of prison. You undoubtedly are familiar with all the particulars of his incarceration. Have contributed to Freethought magazines and endeavored in other ways to arouse interest among Socialists and Freethinkers, hoping that it would hasten either a pardon or a rehearing of the case before another court. I believe that, like your father, Dr. Sonnanstine is a noble man, striving for the betterment of his fellows, and that he was innocent of the crime charged to him—that it was a parallel to Bennett, Heywood, Moore, Berrier and last, but not least among many such persecutions, your own

father. A few days since I received a pathetic letter from Mrs. York, 323 Church street, San Francisco, the wife of the veteran Freethought lecturer, Dr. J. L. York, in which she writes that the doctor is very sick; that they have had to move from their former home (presumably because of the earthquake and fire) and are in dire distress. She has been in poor health several years and both are above 70 years of age. Can you not mention the case in next issue of *LUCIFER*?

CHARLES CARRINGTON, Paris, France.—I am profoundly moved at the idea of your father being in prison. For a man to live to his ripe age, all his days alive with intellectual activity, and then to be cast, like another Apostle Paul, into prison for the chaste expression of new doctrines, is a piece of work that will one day make the cheek of thoughtful Americans tingle with shame. It is true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," of any church, of any doctrine or creed, but Chicago should not require martyrs at this time of day, and such a martyr! I have seen nothing for my part in *LUCIFER* that could compete by a long way for sheer indecency with certain passages in the "Holy Bible." No doubt this latter is a fine model of pure English, if regarded as mere literature, but some of its morality is detestable, if morality be preached by examples. In the quiet of my French garden I read over again a few Sundays ago the story of David and his loves, and it struck me as one of the most erotic storiettes that has come under my notice, and quite on a level with the floweriest Gallie fiction. Why are not the traders in these old-world Hebrew stories prosecuted, if American legislators be fair and just? I send my greetings to your father.

ED SECREST, Randolph, Kan.—I sent up a petition yesterday to the "Great White Throne," Washington, D. C., asking freedom for your noble father. What it lacked in quantity was more than made up in quality—the best men and women in this part of Kansas—readers, thinkers, students, people who dare to call their souls their own. Another petition will follow from this little place. . . . You have no idea how these efforts to righten a grievous wrong done an innocent, honest, earnest, brave old man are eagerly taken up, inquired into and promptly and cheerfully signed by people who probably had never heard the sad history of the case, or even the name of your father. . . . Now, I want to send a line to the aged martyr; just a ray of light through the barred window of his cell. But how to word that friendly message confronts me with a hard puzzle. . . . I was glad to see a sign of life in last number of our mutual, highly esteemed, grand old nonagenarian, friend, Mrs. E. H. Russell, of San Jose, Cal. I recall at this moment with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness the many happy hours she, along with your father, spent under our cozy cottage roof tree, and how earnest and candid your father talked while munching apples. Will you kindly send me Mrs. Russell's present number and street? Since the earthquake especially I have been anxious to drop her a line, but have been unable to locate her street, since several of her letters to my lamented wife and to myself have been mislaid.

#### WHERE THE HARM LIES.

The light of knowledge may be painful to those unaccustomed to it, as unmodified sunlight is to the eyes, and many prefer to spend their days in boudoirs with latticed windows and colored lights; but science, to which we owe such far-reaching material and intellectual advancement, the glory of our generation, cannot stop on their account, and no demand of this sort has any prospect of winning general approval. What is it, then, that makes the result of modern investigation appear dangerous in the eyes of so many men? Can the truth as such be harmful, and therefore objectionable, supposing that we had the truth, and that it opposed all tradition? The answer will be, no; but the remark will be added that the truth is no staff for halting souls, and that dazzled eyes cannot endure it. Consequently the harm lies not in scientific knowledge, but in the weakness of souls and eyes. Here, then, is where the mistake lies, and where relief must be administered. It is not new truth which threatens danger, but the old error, in which the human mind has been kept so long, and which some would like to retain longer. The danger is that all our institutions, home, school, church, public life, social order, and systems of government, being based on and adapted to these old errors, should fail to perceive that it is their business gradually to adapt themselves to the better knowledge. Only on condition that they do this can the widening of the chasm and the violent collapse of what has become antiquated be avoided.—Dr. Ernest Krause, in *Open Court*.

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